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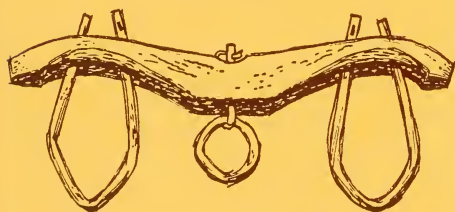
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Penrose, Wesley Francis

The Immortal Lincoln and the  
Masterpiece

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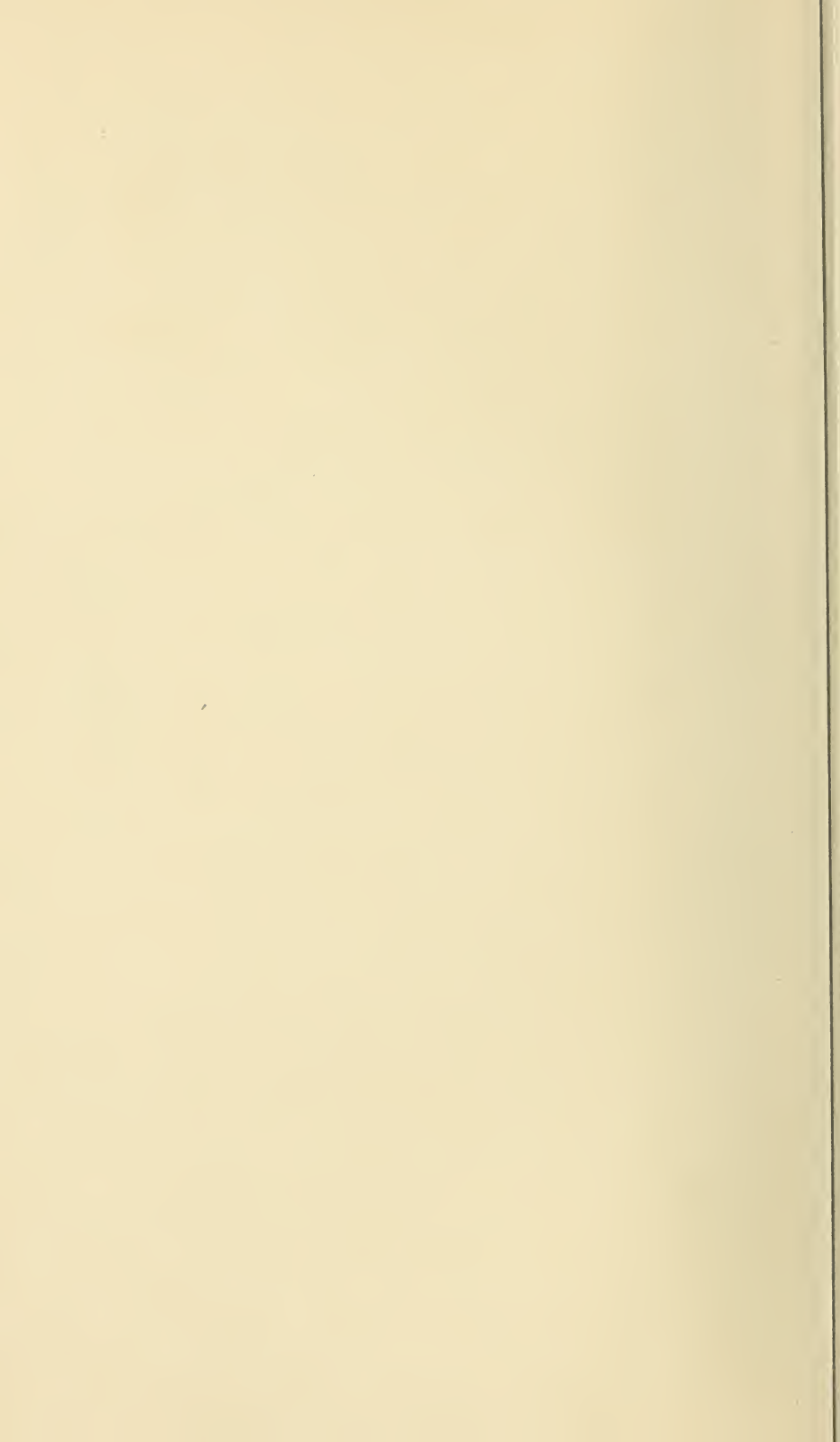
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The Immortal  
**LINCOLN**

And the  
Masterpiece

By  
Wesley Francis Penrose

.....



[illegible]

BY WESLEY FRANCIS PENROSE

The master forehead.  
The wonderful talking, dreamy eyes.  
That wonderful right side of the face—  
too deep to be fathomed.  
The powerful mouth-expression, with the  
irregular lower lip—which meant so  
much.  
The chin—the pillar of support;  
And the titanic human frame, governed by a  
master mind—invincible.

I love that dear old picture  
Hanging on my wall!  
Amid the show of others  
It's the fairest to recall.  
I would not boast of beauty; —  
For that's a minor part—  
But the spirit of that picture  
Strikes a chord within my heart.

I often look upon that face  
To feel its magic spell,  
And to read the hidden story  
That the lips can never tell:  
To gaze into those dreamy eyes  
So full of human love;  
And in fancy I can hear  
A gentle murmur from above.

I know 'tis but a fancy—  
A dream then all is gone;  
And could I but select my fate  
I'd ask to slumber on,  
For a spirit seems to whisper,  
And I long to hear it tell  
The story of our hero,  
Whom the people loved so well.

As worldly duties call me  
I must leave this pleasant place,  
Where spirits seem to wander  
And display their magic grace.

But I'll not forget that picture—  
The fairest of them all—  
That dear, old, cherished picture  
Hanging on my wall.

Kind folks you may be wondering  
What brings this magic spell:  
'Tis but a simple picture—  
[The one I love so well].  
So join me in a song of praise;  
And sing it o'er again;  
For the picture's one of Lincoln—  
The man who died for men.

\*\*\*\*The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. \*\*\*\*That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.—A. Lincoln.

OUR COUNTRY'S PRIDE—  
THE OLD SOLDIER  
(For Decoration Day)

For the sake of the living Soldiers—  
And the heroes beneath the sod—  
Let us join in commemoration  
Of the path their feet have trod.

Unfurl the Old Banner of freedom  
And greet them with music and song,  
Bring cheer, then, to the Old Soldiers—  
As they go marching on.

This day was not meant for industry,  
Nor to advertise something to sell  
But for the Old-time Heroes  
Who faced the shot and shell.

Our nation called for soldiers:—  
They bore the battle's brunt;  
They faced the cannon and musket;  
So! Give them their place in front!

To whom it may concern and interest:—

This is to certify that on Monday, December 14, 1925, I called upon Mr. Albert W. Boggs for the purpose of receiving information concerning Abraham Lincoln; the recollections of Mr. Boggs, to the best of his knowledge and ability.

Mr. Boggs was very conservative in his statements; calling my attention to the fact that he intended to deliver to me the conditions as connected with his experience, only, and did not wish to be held responsible for other statements received from other sources.

The original copy, with Mr. Boggs' signature attached, is on file

WESLEY F. PENROSE.

.....

The following statements were made by Mr. Boggs:

"My name is Albert W. Boggs. I was born in Cadiz, Ohio, December 22, 1842. I am eighty-three years old.

I was a salesman before I went to war.

I enlisted at Columbus, Ohio, in 1862, in the Signal Corps.

We were taken in smoking cars to Washington City.

A snow storm came on. We walked through Washington City, in the storm, to the Signal Corps Camp of Instruction.

While stationed at the camp I was taken to the White House by Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, [This name appears in history—Auth.] and introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and the two boys.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln many times while in the camp of instruction.

On one occasion, while visiting the White House, Mrs. Lincoln had a bouquet of roses prepared and presented them to me.

I gave the bouquet (later) to a lady friend in Washington.

While in the camp of instruction I was undergoing training with the flag by day, and a torch by night.

After being in camp for ninety days we were organized and sent to Knoxville, Tenn.\*

To make a long story short; I was in all the engagements in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia.

Until after Atlanta was captured, General Sherman ordered all the depots, warehouses and public buildings destroyed by fire. He then started with his branch of the Army for Savannah, Georgia. I was then transferred to the 23rd Army Corps.

The last two battles we had while I was with the 23rd Army Corps were at Nashville and Franklin, Tennessee. The battle of the 23rd Army Corps at Franklin (to me) was equal to the battle of Gettysburg.

The fortifications were in the shape of a horseshoe. The Confederate Army charged in the center of the horseshoe, and were mowed down like grass.

After the two battles I have mentioned, the 23rd Corps was ordered East: to New York, Philadelphia, and to Baltimore.

I left Baltimore on the Miantinoma for Fort Fisher, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. We went up the river to Wilmington, N. C.

We then took our horses off the boat, mounted and started North after the Confederate Army; and while near Raleigh, N. C. I was badly wounded by a shell which exploded in the air; part of the shell striking me on the right side of the head, throwing me off my horse. After being patched up I was taken back to Washington City by Thomas M. Vincent, Asst. Agt. Gen. of the Army.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the treaty between Mr. Lincoln and General Hood (the diplomats) I went back to Washington and was given a position as special messenger to take care of all mail that arrived after Adjournment of Congress. I took this mail each morning to the homes of the Congressmen, where I met most of the Congressmen of those days; among them William McKinley, of Canton, Ohio; and James A. Garfield.

It seems strange, knowing Lincoln, McKinley and Garfield, as I did, that the three were assassinated; and the three were Presidents.

\* \* \* \* \*

On April 14, 1865, Mr. Vincent had tickets to attend the play at Ford's Theatre, and he invited me as his guest; and Mr. Lincoln was shot while I was there. I afterwards viewed the remains in the Rotunda of the Capitol where his body was lying in state.

The body was held three days and three nights, guarded by United States Soldiers.

.....



While attending the trial of the conspirators who aided Booth, it was shown that the plot was "concocted" at the home of Mrs. Surratt, who seemed to be associated with the conspirators, and she was hanged with three of the worst of the seven men, all four of them dropping into eternity at once. I was present at the time.

I think it was in July; I cannot say positively.¶

After they were pronounced dead, and cut down, and taken away, we went into the military prison, where the trial was held. The other four conspirators were ordered to stand up and receive their sentence of life imprisonment in the Dry Tarugas, the Government Exile Prison about seventy miles from the western coast of Florida, and about the same distance from Havana, Cuba.

It was said that J. Wilkes Booth was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett of the New York State Regiment. His body (it was also said) was buried in the old prison under a stone slab.

I have also heard it said that Andrew Johnson gave his brother, Edwin Booth, permission to take the body up and bury it in the cemetery, in Baltimore, alongside of his mother.†

(Signed) Sergt. Albert W. Boggs.

I hereby grant permission to Dr. W. F. Penrose to publish my statements as he sees fit; having granted the interview, December 14, 1925.

(Signed) Sergt. Albert W. Boggs.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: The most satisfactory part of this article is that the relator is still living and prepared for verification.

At this time the writer is still living —[or thinks he is]—and if there is any doubt as to the genuineness of his articles, will appreciate being proven a "liar" in order to protect the public from what is commonly termed "buncombe"—prevalent to some extent as a humanistic (?) extravaganza. "Speak now, or forever hold thy peace."

The writer is compiling an extensive book on the subject of Lincoln—just a little different.

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### O! FOR ANOTHER LINCOLN!

We need another Lincoln—a man of brain and might—  
To lead forsaken people from darkness into light:  
A man who loves humanity—[as every being should]—  
Who lives a life of sacrifice; of righteousness and good.

'Tis true! A man like Lincoln we ne'er again may find—  
A soul so free from perfidy; a heart so good and kind.  
To every lonely creature he gave a helping hand  
And sacrificed all pleasure to help his fellowman.

If Lincoln could but see us as life's pathway here we plod;  
Thinking nought but selfishness—no thought of man or God:  
His heart would at such sights rebel; and for the human race  
Again would he take up the fight to save us from disgrace.

He suffered; died for human cause, to save the world from shame—  
[That we might place our trust in God and glorify God's name]:  
He bore the pain of all life's thorns, without a single frown  
To build for us a mansion, which we are tearing down.

\* \* \* \* \*  
How sad it is to know, withal, we still fall into vice;  
To know that we are victims, still, of sin and avarice:  
Not thinking of the future; as on! and on! we plod:  
Without a single laurel we go to meet our God.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh! for another Lincoln—a man of might and main;  
A man to fight our battles and make us free again;  
A man who has a policy, and dares to make it known;  
Who dares to be a Daniel, and dares to stand alone.

---

\*Mr. Boggs stated that the whole affair was as clear to him as if it had happened but a year ago.

((The following is taken from old records now in my possession—W. F. Penrose:)) "On the 9th of July, David E. Herrold, George A. Atzeroth—[a house-painter by trade. He had served as a blockade runner across the Potomac],—Louis Payne Powell—[attempted to assassinate the Seward family (Ref. 1)]—and Mary E. Surratt were hanged. Michael O'Laughlin, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd and Samuel Arnold—sentenced for life. Edward Spangler—sentenced to six years' hard labor imprisonment."

"Colonel Olcott found in the Surratt home and arrested; Mrs. M. E. Surratt, Miss Anna Surratt, Miss Honora Fitzpatrick and Miss Holahan. \*\*\*\*Prompt removal to the Old Capitol Prison."

†There has been a great deal of doubt in the Booth case. It is strange that only two men held the secret. It has been said that the Government paid a large sum for the apprehension of Booth, and even at this time there should not be doubt. It may seem of little importance, but this is erroneous. It suggests intrigue, and should not have been mysterious. Some years ago a statement was made that Booth was not killed but escaped and was seen in the West and only two men to deny it. Had the people a right to know?

(1) A typographical reproduction of a letter, written by Dr. Verdi, tells of his hasty summons to the Seward home a few minutes after ten P. M. on the 14th of April, 1865, where he administered to the needs of Secretary Seward, Frederick Seward, Augustus Seward, and a soldier in attendance on Mr. Seward, after Payne Powell's attempt to assassinate them. So closely is Dr. Verdi's statements held to the line that he gives the words of the colored boy who was sent for him; saying that the Seward's were "murdered by an assassin."

CITATION\*\*\*\* Lieutenant-General Grant, after Lee's surrender, went to City Point and thence to Washington City, arriving there on the morning of the fatal 14th day of April. He was accompanied by Captain Robert T. Lincoln (now Secretary of War—[1884]), who was one of his staff officers. The latter breakfasted with his father, the President, and related the occurrences of the surrender, at which he was present. A Cabinet meeting was held that morning at eleven o'clock, Lieutenant-General Grant being present. After the adjournment he remained in conversation with the President some little time, and it was finally arranged that they should visit Ford's Theatre together in the evening to witness the performance of "Our American Cousin," which was having a great run. The President sent a message to engage a box, and the watchful conspirators were doubtless promptly apprised of the arrangements. Subsequently, General Grant was called to New York, and thus probably escaped assassination, as he was inquired for in the theatre about nine o'clock in the evening, by a man bearing a large package. The party in the box, therefore, consisted only of President and Mrs. Lincoln, Major H. R. Rathbone and Miss Clara W. Harris. The President was in excellent spirits.\*\*\*\* For some weeks, at least, a sort of haunting foreboding had depressed him, an indefinable sense of danger.\*\*\*\*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This horrible episode in history is not so remote or vague as to render its associations intangible. There are people living today who were present. There is a prominent gentleman now living in Illinois whose parents were associated with the Lincoln family. I have communicated with this gentleman but I did not ask permission to use his name, so I must be conservative at this time.

## PERSONAL.

I had the pleasure, recently, of meeting Mr. Joseph Benjamin Oakleaf, of Moline, Ill., a Bibliographer; and, like myself, an ardent admirer of the immortal Lincoln. Mr. Oakleaf, kind and unselfish, expressed his willingness to co-operate with me in the broadcasting of our theme, which, fortunately, is an asset to me, and such a generous and unselfish nature is an asset to the world.

Mr. Oakleaf is the author of a Lincoln Bibliography, a copy of which is now in the Chicago Public Library, and, in itself, is a literary monument, in memory of the noble Lincoln.

— — — — —  
Dr. L. D. Carman, of Washington, D. C., with whom I have had the pleasure of corresponding, has published one of his addresses—a beautiful tribute to Lincoln. Inasmuch as it is specified for private distribution, and as I have been unable to reach Dr. Carman as this goes to press, to receive his permission to enter into details I shall be conservative.


The Lincolinites are usually modest, unostentatious men, therefore, naturally conservative; and I usually ask permission before entering into an extensive outline.

— — — — —  
A private publication, prefaced by Mr. Frederick Ray Risdon, of Los Angeles, Cal., contains interesting items concerning the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, as printed in the newspapers of that date.

SPECIAL NOTE: I sincerely hope that my method of introducing references, clauses, explanations and notations may not be looked upon as redundancy, or verbosity. But I am very desirous that my articles do not take on an appearance of a spurious "Stock in Trade." I do not maintain an exchequer of apocryphas; the world has suffered a deluge of such, and quixotism has not yet descended upon me, nor have I found the proverbial Utopia; thus, the details are for self-protection.

THE AUTHOR.





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THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN AND THE MASTERPIECE



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